

THE
PASSIONS
of the
SPIRIT.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Este,
dwelling in Aldersgate-streete.

1599.

2 *The passions of the spirit*
While thus the heart
 with torments torne asonder,
May of the world
 bee cald the wofull wonder.

3:
The day lyke nights,
 all darckned by distresse,
Pleasure beecome
 a subiect full of paine,
The spirit ouerprest
 with heauinesse,
While helplesse horror
 vexeth euery vaine:
Death shakes his dart,
 griefe hath my graue prepared:
Yet to more sorrow,
 is my spirit spared.

4:
The Owly eyes
 that not indure the light,
The night rauens song

that

The passions of the spirit 3
that sounds of nought but death,
the Cockatrice
that killeth with hir sight,
the poysoned ayre
that chokes the sweetest breath,
thunder and earthquakes
all together met,
these tell a little
how my life is set.

Where words desolud
to sighes, sighes into teares,
And euery teare
to torments of the minde,
the mindes distresse,
into those deadly feares,
that finde more death
then death it selfe can finde.
Death to that life,
that lyuing doth descrie,
A little more

yet

Greater men may easily offer greater gifts. But if gifts may finde acceptance according to the good hearts & minds of the giuer, I feare not but this little gift, though small in view, shall bee graciously accepted: both because the matter is precious, & it proceedeth from a mind as willing to shew it thankefull, as whosoever els that commends himselfe by a greater present. And so wishing vnto your worshipful husband and your selfe, all hearts content in this life, & euerlasting happines in the life to come, humbly take my leaue.

Your worships at commaund,

Thomas Este.

VV Here thall I finde
that most morneful muse,
That neuer heard
of any thing but mone,
And reade the passion
that hir penne doth vse,
When shee and sorrow
sadly sits alone,
To tell the world
more then the world can tell
What fits in deed
most fitly figure hell?

2
Let mee not think
once o. the smallest thought,
Nor speake of lesse
then of the greatest grieke,
Where euey sence
with sorrows ouerwrought,
Liues but in death
despairing of reliefe,

3
A. iij.

While

22

TO THE WORSHIPFUL
and vertuous gentlewoman, M^{rs}
MARY HOUGHTON, wife to the
worshipfull M^r Peter Houghton

Esquire, Alderman, and novv one of the shurfes of
London, 1594.



Tis the general receiued
opinion amōg most men
that nothing is more o-
dious in the sight of god
& good men, than vnthankfulnes.
And in deed, the trees & plants, &
the earth it selfe, which for the rain
and labour that is beestowed vpon
them, yeele foorth fruite, shew
themselues thankfull. And therfore
I was so bold, (right Worshipfull)
hauing receiued many fauours at
your hands, that I might not seeme
to haue receiued them in vaine by
vnthankfulnesse, to offer vnto your
worships hands this little present

A.ij.

Grea-

The passions of the spirit
yet of my misery.

Put all the woes
of all the world together :
Sorrow and death,
fit downe in all their pride,
Let misery bring
all his mules hether,
With all the horror
that the hart can bide.
Then read the state
but of my ruthfull story,
And say my grieve
hath gotten sorrows glory.

For natures sicknesse
somtime may haue ease,
Fortune (though fickle)
somtime is a friend,
The minds affliction
paciencce may appease,

And

The passions of the spirit

5

And death is cause
that many torments end:
But euer sick; crost,
greeu'd, and liuing dying,
Think on the spirit
in this sorrow lying.

8

To shew the nature
of my paine (alas,)
Payne hath no nature
to descrie my payne,
But where that paine
it selfe in paine doth passe.
Think on vexation
so in euery vaine,
That hopelesse, helplesse,
endlesse paynes may tell,
Saue hell it selfe,
but myne there is no hell.

If sicknesse bee a grownd

A.v.

of

10 *The passions of the spirit.*

Oh let my soule
with bitter teares confesse,
It is the ground
of all vnhappinesse.

If lack of wealth,
I am the note of need :
If lacke of friends,
no faith on earth remaines :
If lack of health,
see how my heart it bleeds :
If lack of pleasure,
looke vpon my paines :
If lack of wealth,
of friends, of health or pleasure,
Say then my sorrowes
must bee out of measure.

Measure : no measure
measure can my thought,
But that one thought

that

The passions of the spirit. II

that is beyond all measure :
Which knowing how
my sorrowes haue ben wrought,
Can bring my heart
into hir highest pleasure,
Which either must
my sorrowes cut of quight,
Or neuer let mee think
vpon delight.

There is a lack
that tells mee of a life,
There is a losse
that tells me of a loue:
Beetweene them both
a state of such a strife,
As makes my spirit
such a passion proue :
That lack of thone
and thothers losse (Alas)
Makes mee the wofullst wretch
that

8 *The passions of the spirit.*

I weep to feele
my further discontent,
I dye to trye,
my loue is liuing dead,
I sigh, I mourne,
I weep, I liuing dye,
And yet must liue
to shew more miserie.

13
The hunted Hart
somtime doth leaue the hound :
My hart (alas)
is neuer out of chase.
The lime-hounds lease
sometimes is yet vnbound :
My hands are hopelesse
of so high a grace.
Sommer restores
what winter doth depriue:
But my hart withered
neuer can reuiue,

I can

The passions of the spirit.

9

I can not figure
sorrow in conceit,
Sorrow exceeds
all figures of his sence;
But on my woe
when sorrowes all may wait,
to see a note
exceed their excellence,
Let mee conclude
to see how I am wounded,
Sorrow his selfe
is in his selfe confounded.

*Par nulla
figura
dolori.*

But whereof growes
the passion of this paine,
That thus perplexeth
euery inward part?
Whence is the humor
of this hatefull vaine,
So damps the spirit,
and consumes the hart?

Oh

6 *The passions of the spirit.*

of deadly grieve,
Consuming cares
haue caught mee by the heart:
If want of comfort,
hopelesse of reliefe,
Bee further woe
to way my inward smart:
If friends vnkindnesse,
so my grieve is grounded:
If causelesse wronged,
so my heart is wounded.

If loue refused
so read on my ruin,
If truth disgraced,
so my sorrow moued,
If faith abused
the ground my torments grue in,
If vertue skorned
so my death approued,
If death delaying,

fo

The passions of the spirit

7

so my heart perplexed,
It lyuing dying,
so my spirit vexed :

My infants yeeres
mispent in childish toyes,
My riper age
in rules of little reason,
My better yeeres
in all mistaken ioyes,
My present time
(Oh most vnhappy season,)
In fruitlesse labours
and in ruthlesse loue,
O what a horror
hath my hart to prooue !

I sigh to see
mine infancie mis-spent,
I mourne to finde
my youthfull life mis-led,

I weep

12 *The passions of the spirit.*
that euer was.

19
My dearest loue
that dearest bought my loue,
My onely life
by whom I onely liue.
Was euer faith
did such affection proue?
Or euer grace
did such a glory giue?
But such a lack
and such a losse aye mee,
Must needes the sorrow
of all sorrowes bee.

20
My loue is fayer
and fayrer then the sunne,
Which hath his light
but from his fayrest loue,
Oh fayrest loue
whose light is neuer done,

And

The passions of the spirit. 13

and fairest light
doth such a loue approue,
But such loue lost
and such a life obscured,
Can there a greater
sorrow bee incurred?

Hee came from high
to liue with mee below;
Hee gaue mee life
and shewed mee greatest loue,
Vnworthie I,
so high a worth to know,
Left my chiefe bleffe
a baser choice to proue.
I saw his wonders,
yet did I not beleeue him,
And for his goodnesse,
with my finnes did grieue him.

I saw him faultlesse,

B.

yet

yet I did offend him :
I saw him wronged
and yet did not excuse him :
I saw his foes,
yet sought not to defend him :
I had his blessings,
yet I did abuse him.
But was it mine
or any others deed ?
Whose ere it was
it makes my heart to bleed.

23.
To see the feete
that traueled for our good,
To see the hands
that brake the liuely bread,
To see the head
whereon our honour stood,
To see the fruit
where on our spirits fed :
These feet, hands bored,
and

The passions of the spirit.

15

and his head all bleeding,
Who doth not dye
with such a sorrow reading ?

24:

Hee plaest all rest,
yet had no resting place:
Hee healed each paine,
yet liud in sore distresse:
Deserud all good,
yet driuen to great disgtace:
Gaue all hearts ioy,
himselſe in heauineſſe:
Suffered them liue,
by whome himſelſe was ſlaine:
Lord who can liue,
to ſee ſuch loue againe ?

25:

A Virgins childe,
by vertuous power conceined,
A harmeſſe man,
that liu'd for all mens good,

B.ij.

A faithfull

16 *The passions of the spirit.*

A faithfull friend
that neuer faith deceiued,
A heauenly frute
for heart especiall food,
A spirit all
of excellence diuine,
Such is the essence
of this loue of myne.

~6~

Whose Mansion, heauen,
yet lay within a manger:
Who gaue all food,
yet suckt a virgins breast:
Who could haue kild,
yet fled a threatned danger.
who sought our quiet
by his owne vnrest:
who dyed for them,
which highly did offend him,
And liues for them
which can not comprehend him.
who

Who came no further
then his father sent him,
Who did fullfill
but what he did cōmand him,
Who praid for them
that proudly did torment him,
For telling truth
to what they did demand him,
Who did all good
that humbly did intreat him,
And bare their blowes
that did vnkindly beat him.

A sweet phisition
for the body crased,
A heauenly medison
for the minde diseased,
A present comfort
for the wits amased,
A ioyfull spirit
for the soule displeased.

B.ii).

The

18

The passions of the spirit

The bodie, minde,
wit and spirits ioye,
What is the world
without him but annoy?

29

Hee knew the sicknesse
that our soules infected,
And that his blood
must onely bee our cure,
When so our faith
his sacred loue affected,
that for our liues
hee would a death indure,
Hee knew his passion,
yet his patience bare it:
Oh how my soule
doth sorrow to declare it!

30

Hee heald the sick,
gaue sight ynto the blinde,
Speach to the dum,

and

and made the lame to goe:

Vnto his loue

hee neuer was vnkinde,

Hee loued his friend

and hee forgaue his foe.

And last his death

for our loue not refused,

What soule could liue

to see such loue misused :

31.

To note his words

what wisdom they containe,

To note his wisdom

of all worth the wonder,

To note his works

what glory they doe gaine,

To note his worth,

world, heauen, and earth, come

To note the glory (ynder.

that his Angells giue him,

Fie that the world

B.iiij.

to

to such disgrace should driue

32: *quod est* (him,

Vnscene hee came,

hee might bee seene vnto vs:

Vnwelcome seemd,

that came for all our wealth:

Hee came to die,

that hee might comfort doe vs,

VVee slew the subiect

of our spirits health,

the subiect? no,

the king of all our glory:

VVeep heart to death,

to tell this dolefull story.

33: *quod est* *non*

A Lyon, where his force

should bee affected,

and yet a Lamb

in mildnesse of his loue:

AS true as Turtle,

to his loue elected;

Sure

Sure as mount Sion
that can neuer moue.

So milde a strength,
and so fast truth to proue,
VVhat soule can liue,
and lack so sweet a loue?

B. 4.
Hee preacht, hee praid,
hee fasted, and hee wept,

the sweet creator
for his sinfull creature

the carefull watch
full warely hee kept,

that brake the neck
euen of their foulest nature.

And when hee did
to happie state restore vs,

Shall we not weepe
that hee may not abhor vs

To hate a loue

B. v. must

must argue lothsome nature,
 To wrong a friend
 must proue too foule a deede,
 To kill thy selfe
 will shew a curssed creature,
 To slay the soule
 no more damnation neede.
 Then, spoyle the fruit
 whercon the spirit feedeth,
 O what a hell
 within the soule it breedeth !

66

Hee thought no ill
 but only did all good,
 Hee gaue all right
 and yet all wrong receiued.
 The fiends temptation
 strongly hee withstood,
 Yet let himselfe
 by sinners bee deceiued.
 And see at last

when

The passions of the spirit

23

when he was woe-be-gone him,
The traytorous world
did tyrannize vpon him.

37

His faultlesse members
nayled on the crosse,
His holy head
was crowned all with thornes,
His garments giuen
by lots to gaine our losse,
His power derided
all with scoffes and skornes,
His body wounded
and his spirit vexed :
To thinke on this,
what soule is not perplexed :

38

Poore Peter wept
when hee his name denied,
And Mary Magdalen
wept for hir offence:

his

24

The passions of the spirit.

His mother wept
when shee his death espied,
But yet no teares
could stand for his defence.
But if these wept
to see his wofull case:
Why die not I
to think of his disgrace:

39

Happie was hee
that suffered death so ny him:
That at his end
repentance might behold him:
twise happie life
that did in loue so trie him,
As to his faith
such fauour did vnsould him,
As crauing comfort
but in mercies eyes,
that selte same day
did liue in Paradise.

Would

Would I had beene
ordained to such a death,
To die with him,
to liue with him for euer,
And from the aire,
but of this blessed breath,
To suck the life,
whose loue might faile me neuer,
And drinck of that sweet spring
that neuer wasteth,
And feede of that lifes bread
that euer lasteth.

4
Oh would my soule
were made a sea of teares,
Myne eies might wake,
and neuer more be sleeping,
My heart may beare
the paines all pleasure weares,
So I might see him once
yet in my weeping.

when

26 *The passions of the spirit.*

When ioyfull voice
this song might neuer cease,
My Sauours fight
hath set my soule in peace.

42:

Should I esteeme
of any worldly toy,
That might bechould
the height of such a treasure?
Could I bee Iudas
to my chiefest ioy,
To gaine possession
of a gracelesse pleasure?
No: could my soule
in comfort once conceiue him,
I hope his mercy
would not let mee leaue him.

43:

Blest was the fish
that but the figure swallowed
Of my sweet Iesus

but

but in Ionas name:
More blessed tombe
by that sweet body hallowed,
From whence the ground
of all our glory came?
Might not my soule
bee sooner in a wish,
Would I were such a tombe
or such a fish.

44.

But Ionas left the sea
and came to land,
And Iesus from the earth
to heauen ascended:
Why should I then
vpon more wishes stand,
But cry for mercy
where I haue offended?
And say my soule
vnworthy is the place,
Euer to see

my

my Saviour in the face.

45

Yet let mee not despaire

of my desire,

Although euen hell

doe answere my desert,

Where humble hope,

that pittie doth aspire:

Proues penitencie,

the pacyfing part,

Where mercy sweet,

that sees my soules behauiours

May graunt mee grace,

to see and serue my Saviour.

40

Whome till I see,

in sorrowes endlesse anguish,

All discontent

with all that I can see,

Refolud in soule

in sorrowes lake to languish,

Where

where no conceite
but discontent may bee,
I will sit downe
till after this worlds hell,
My sauiours sight
may onely make mee well.

Canto. 2.

BVt shall I so
my lecret grieve giue ouer,
With hope to see
the glory of my sight?
Or can my soule
his sacred health recouer,
While no desert
doth looke vpon delight?
No, no: my hart
is too too full of grieve,
For euer thinking
to receiue reliefe.

C.

The

The Sunne² is downe
the glory of the day,
The springe is past,
the sweetnesse of the yeere,
The haruest in,
whereon my hope did stay,
And withering winter
giues but chilling cheere,
And what such death
can grieve, or sorrow giue,
As see his death
whereby the soule doth liue?

³
Mee thinks I see,
and seeing sigh to see,
How in his passion
patience plaies hir part:
And in his death
what life hee giues to mee,
In my loues sorrow
to relieue my heart.

But

But what a care
doth this conclusion trie,
The head must off,
or else the body die?

4

Hee was my head,
my hope, my heart, my health,
The speciall Jewell
of my spirits ioy,
The trusty treasure
of my highest wealth,
The onely pleasure
kept mee from annoy:
Hee was, and is,
and euermore shalbee,
In life or death,
the life of life to mee.

5

And let mee see
how sweetly yet he lookes
Euen while the teares

C.ij.

are

are trickling downe his face :
And for my lyfe
how well his death he brookes,
While my desert
was cause of his disgrace.
And let me wish
yet while his death I see,
I could haue died
for him that died for mee.

6
Had I but seene
him as his seruants dyd,
At sea, at land,
in citie, and in field,
Though in him selfe
hee had the glory hyd,
That in his grace
the height of glory hild :
Then might my sorrow
some-what be appeased,
That once my soule

had

The passion of the spirit 33
had in his sight beene pleased,

7
But not to see him
till I see him die,
And that my deed
was causer of his death,
How can I cease
to weepe, to howle, and crie,
To see the gasping
of that glorious breath,
That purest loue
vnto the soule approued,
And is the blessing
of the soule becloued?

8
Shall I not wash
his body with my teares,
And saue the blood
that issues from his side,
That keeps my heart
from all internall feares,

C. iij.

Vnto

Vnto my soule
by my firme faith applyed?
Shall I not strue
with Ioseph for the course,
And make his tombe
in my soules true remorse?

9
Shall I not curse
those hatefull hellish fiends,
That led the world
to work such wickednesse?
And hate all them
that haue not been his friends,
But follow on
that work of wretchednesse?
Cut off the head
that first hands on him layd,
And help to hang
the dogge that him betrayd.

10:

Am I not one

of

The passion of the spirit

35

of that vnhappie broode,
The Pellican
doth figure in hir nest,
When I must liue
but by his onely blood,
In whose sweet loue
my life doth onely rest?
O wretched bird!
but I more wretched creature,
To figure such a bird
in such a nature.

N:

Dyd God himselfe
ordaine it should bee so,
To saue my life
my Sauour so should die?
His will bee done:
yet let mee weepe for woe,
To bee the subiect
of his miserie.
That though hee came

C.iiij.

to

to mend that was amisse,
Hee should bee so
the author of my blisse.

12:

Shall I not driue
the watchman from the graue,
And watch the rising
of the sonne renowned?
Or goe my selfe
a liue into the graue,
To kisse the body
where it lies intombed?
What shall I doe?
or what shall I approue,
For my soules health
that to my soule did loue?

13:

Oh. Loue the ground
of loue, Oh liuely loue,
Why doe I liue
that did not die with thee,

When

The passions of the spirit.

37

When in my heart
I doe such horror prooue,
As lets my care
no thought of comfort see,
How my poore soule
might once such seruice do thee,
To giue mee hope
how I am come vnto thee:

J 4

No: I haue runne
The way of wickednesse,
Forgetting that
my faith should follow most:
I did not thinck
vpon thy holinesse,
Nor by my sinne
what sweetnesse I haue lost,
Oh sinne! so sinne
hath compast mee about,
That (Lord) I know not
where to finde thee out.

C.v.

If

If in the heauen,
it is too high a place,
For wicked heart
to hope to cline so high:

If in the world,
the earth is all to base

To entertaine
thy glorious maiestie:

If in the world,
vnworthy I to read
So sweet a sence
to stand my soule in stead:

16:

If in my heart,
sinne saith thou art not there:

If in my soule,
it is too foule infected:

If in my hope,
it is too full of feare,
And fearefull loue
hath neuer faith elected.

In

In soule, nor body,
hope, nor feare, (aye mee)
Where should I seeke
where my soules loue may bee?

: J J :

Alas the day
that euer I was borne,
To see how sinne
hath bard mee from my blisse,
And that my soule
is so in torments torne,
To know my loue
and come not where hee is.
Yet, if that euer heauens
heard creatures cry,
Lord, looke a little
on my misery.

: J C :

Let mercy plead
in true repentance cause,
Where humble prayer,

may

The passion of the spirit.

40

may heavenly pittie moue:
That though my life
haue broken sacred lawes,
My hearts contrition
yet may comfort proue:
That till my soule
may my sweet Saviour see,
Mercie may cast
one loueing looke on mee.

And while I sit
with Mary at the graue,
As full of griefe
as euer loue may liue,
My wounded hart
some spark of hope may haue,
Of such reliefe
as glorious hand may giue:
To make mee feele
though sin hath death deserued,
In mercies loue

is

The passions of the spirit
is my soules life preserved,

41

20:

Which sacred truth
vntill my soule doth tast,
To flake the sorrow
of this heart of myne,
My weary life
in wofull thoughts must wast,
While soule and bodie
humbly I refine,
Vnto those glorious
holy hands of his,
Who is the hope
of my eternall blisse.

Canto.3.

BVt can I leaue
to thincke vpon the thing,
That I can neuer
put out of my thought?

Or

Or can I cease
of his sweet loue to sing,
Who by his blood
his creatures comfort brought?
Or can I liue
to thinck that he should die,
In whome the hope
of all my life doth lie?

2
No: Let mee thinck
vpon his life and death,
And after death,
his euer life againe.
Hee breath'd our life,
and giueing vp his breath,
Reuiude our soules,
that in our sinnes were slaine.
His life so good,
as neuer death deserued,
And by his death,
our euer liues preserued.

Did

Did hee not wash
his poore Apostles feet?
Came hee not riding
on a silly Asse?
Did hee not heale
the criples in the streete,
And fed a world
where little victuall was?
Did not his loue
most true affection trye,
to die for vs
that wee might neuer die?

4:

Was neuer infant
shew'd such humblenesse:
Was neuer man
did speake as this man did:
Was neuer loue
shew'd such faithfulnessse:
Was neuer true man
such a torter byd:

Was

Was neuer state
contayned such a story :
Was neuer Angell
worthy such a glory.

5:
O glorious glory,
all in glory glorius!
Angells reioyced
at his incarnation.
O power-full vertue,
of all power victorius
The true redemption
of his best creation !.
O glorious life
that made the diuells wonder,
And glorious death
that trode the diuells vnder !

6:
Thus in his birth,
his life, and death, all glory
Hee dyd receiue :

Who

The passions of the spirit.

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who was himselfe the same,
The stately substance
of that sacred storie,
From whence the ground
of highest glory came.
When highest power,
to highest glory raised,
And all the hoast
of heauen with glory praised.

Was euer such
ingratitude approued,
Since heauen and earth
for man, and man was made
For onely God,
who hild him his beloued,
Till gracelesse sinne
dyd make his glory fade:
That hee, whom Angells
with such reuerence vsed,
Should bee by men

D.

refused

refused and abused :

. C .

O liuely Image
of the fathers loue !
O louely Image
of the fathers life !
O pure conceipt
that doth this concord proue,
That all agreement
breeds no thought of strife !
But that the Sonne
in state of all the story,
Is found the brightnesse
of the Fathers glory.

. Q .

Could euer such
a glory bee refused,
By those that were
in dutie to adore it ?
Or could so great
a glory bee refused,

When

When Angells tremble,
when they stand beefore it ?
O man, wo man,
to wound thy soule so sore,
to loose the glory
so for euer-more!

JO:

Behould the heauens
what sorrow they did show,
And how the earth
hir dolour did discric.
The Sunne was darck,
and in the earth bee low,
the buried bodies
shewed their agonie.
The temple rent,
the heauens with anger moued,
to see the death
of the diuine beeloued.

JJ:

And yet thou man

D.ij.

full

The passions of the spirit.

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full little doest regard
What thou hadst done
vnto thy dearest loue,
thou mad'st more reckning
of the worlds reward,
then of the blessing
of thy soules be-houe.
But (wretched man)
descend into tby thought
And with this sorrow
weare thy selfe to naught.

12:

Yet some there were,
too small a somme were they,
that ioyd to see the somme
of all their ioy:
they watched the night,
and walked in the day,
And were not choked
with the worlds annoy:
But followed on

their

The passions of the spirit.

49

their heavenly loue alone:
Would God in heauen
that I were such a one.

13:

But aye mee wretch,
all wretched as I am,
Vnworthy all
to follow such a friend:
In sweet remembrance
of whose sweetest name,
the ioyes beegin
that neuer makes an end.
Let mee but weep
and sorrow, till I see
How mercies loue
will cast on looke on mee.

14:

And let mee heare
but what my Sauour saith,
Hee once did die
that I might euer liue:

D.iiij.

And

And that my soule
 by hir assured faith,
 May feele the comfort
 that his grace doth giue:
 That for his loue
 who sorrows heere so sore,
 Shall ioy in heauen,
 and neuer sorrow more,

Canto. 4.

OH ioy aboue all ioyes,
 that euer were!
 Could I conceiue
 but halfe thine excellence,
 Or how to hope
 to giue attendance there,
 Where thou dost keepe
 thy royall residence,
 And on my knees
 thy holy name adore:

Were

Were my soule well,
shee should desier no more:

: 2 :

To see the day
that from an high is springing,
to guide our feete
into the way of peace,
to heare the Virgins
playing, Angells singing,
the Psalmes of glory
that shall neuer cease.
to heare the sound
of such a heauenly queare,
Would it not ioy
the soule to see and heare?

: 3 :

To see the Saints
and Martyrs in their places,
By highest grace
with heauenly glory crowned:
to see the kysses.

D.iiij.

and

and the sweet imbrace
Of blessed soules,
by constant faith renowned,
to see the ground
of all these sweet agreeing
Were not these sights
all sweetly worth the seeing?

: 4 :

The Diamond, Rubie,
Saphir, and such like
Of pretious gemmes
that are the worldlings ioyes,
And greatest princes
for their crownes doe seeke,
To heauenly treasurers
are but trifling toyes,
Wherewith the holy citie
all is paved,
And all the walls
are round about in-graued:

Nor

Nor hee that sits
on the supernall throne,
In maiestie
most glorious to beehold,
And houlds the septer
of the world alone,
Hath not his garment
of imbrodered gold:
But hee is clothed
in truth and righteousnesse,
the heauenly garments
of true holynesse.

: 6 :
Oh could my soule
out of some Angells wyng
By humble sute
obtaine one onely pen:
Might wright in honour
of my glorious king,
the ioy of Angells
and the life of men.

D.v.

That

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That all the world
might fall vpon their faces,
to heare the glory
of his heauenly graces.

But since I see
his wonder worth is such,
as doth exceed,
the reach of humane sence,
and all the earth
vnworthy is to touch
the smallest title
of his excellence:
Let mee referre
vnto some Angells glory
the happy writing
of this heauenly story.

Where this sweet King
that on the white horse rideth,
Vpon the wings

of

of the celestiaall winde,
Neere whose sweet aier
no blasting breath abideth,
Nor stands the tree,
that hee doth fruitlesse finde,
Doth make all tremble
where his glory goeth,
Yea, where his mildnesse
most his mercie showeth.

9:

Where heavenly loue
is cause of holy life,
And holy life increaseth
heavenly loue:
Where peace establisht
without feare of strife,
Doth proue the blessing
of the soules bechoue:
Where thirst, nor hunger,
griefe, nor sorrow dwelleth,
But peace in ioy,

and

And ioye in peace excelleth.

I O :

Oh ioyfull feare
on vertuous loue tll founded!

O vertuous loue,
in mercies glory graced!

O gracious loue,
on faith in mercy grounded!

Oh faithfull loue,
in heauenly fauour placed!

Oh settled loue,
that cannot bee remoued!

Oh glorious loue,
of glory so becloued!

M :

Where virgins ioye,
in their virginitie,

The vertuous spouse
in vndefiled bed,

And true deuines
in true deuinitie,

The

The gracious members
in their glorious head.
The sinners ioye,
to escape damnation:
And faithfull soules.
in their saluation.

12:

Where sicke men ioy,
to see their sweetest health,
The prisoners ioy
to see their libertie,
The poore reioyce
to see their sweetest wealth,
The vertuous
to adore the deitie:
And I vnworthie
most of all to see,
The eies of mercie
cast one looke on mee.

Canto 5.

Canto.5.

BV T can my heart
thus leaue hir holy loue,
Or seace to sing
of this hir highest sweet?
Hath Patience
no more passions left to proue?
Hath phancie laboured out
both hands and feete?
Or hath Inuention
straind hir vaine so sore,
that wit nor will
hath power to write no more?

No, heauens² forbid,
that euer faithfull heart
Should haue a weary thought
of dooing well:
But that the soule

may

may summon euery part
Of euery sence,
where any thought may dwell,
That may discharge
the dutie of this care,
To pen his praise,
that is without compare.

But since no eie
can looke on him and liue,
Nor heart can liue,
but looking on his loue :
Bechould the glory,
that his grace doth giue,
In all his works
that doth such wonders proue.
Thar all the world
may finde their witts to weake,
But of the smallest
of his praise to speake.

Be-

Behould the⁴ earth
how sweetly shee brings foorth
Hir trees, hir flowers,
hir herbs, and euery grasse
Of sundry natures,
of most secret worth:
And how each branch
doth others beautie passe:
Both beasts, and birds,
with fishes, wormes, and flies,
How each their high creator
glorifies.

15:
The Lions strength
doth make him stand asking:
The Vnicorne
doth kill the poisons power:
The roaring Bull
doth make the woods to ring:
The Tiger doth
the cruell wolfe deuouer:

The

The Elephant,
the weightie burden beares,
And rauening Wolues,
are good yet for their heires.

:6:

To see the Gray-hound course
the Hart in chafe,
While litle Dormouse
sleepeth out hir time.
The Lambs and Rabbits
sweetly runne at base,
Whilst highest trees
the little Squirell cline.
The crawling Wormes
out creeping in the flowers,
And how the Snayle
doe clyme the loftie towers.

To see the Whale
make furrowes in the seas,
While sodainely

E.

The

the Dolphin strikes hir dead:
Which hauing found
the depth of his disease,
Vpon the shore
doth make his dying bed.
Where heauen's thus work
for weaker hearts beehoue,
Doth not this grace,
a work of glory proue?

8

But since that all,
Skye, Earth, or Sea containes,
Was made for man,
and man was onely made
For onely God,
who onely glory gaines,
And that one glory
that can neuer fade:
Shall man forget
to giue all glory due,
Vnto his God

from

The passions of the spirit.

63

from whom all glory grew :

: 9 :

But let mee come
a little higher yet,
To Sunne and Moone
and euery Starre of light:
To see how each
doe in this order sit,
Where euery one
doth keepe his course aright:
And all to guide
these darkned eies of ours,
Giue these not glory
to the higher powers :

: 10 :

No, let not man
shew himselfe so vngratefull,
Vnto his God,
that all in loue did make him,
By thancklesse thoughts
to make his spirit hatefull,

E.ij.

Vnto

Vnto his king
that neuer will forsake him.
But let his soule
to God all glory giue,
In whome, doth all loue,
life, and glory liue.

And let mee wretch,
(vnworthy most of all
To lift mine eies
vnto his louely seat,)
Beefore the feete
but of his mercy fall,
And of his mercy
but the leaue intreate:
That with his seruants
I may sit, and sing
AN ALLELVIAH
to my heauenly King.

Canto

Canto.6.

Come all the world,
and call your wits together,
Borrow some pennes,
out of the Angells wings :
Intreate the heauens
to send their Muses hether
To help, your soules
to write of sacred things.
Prophane conceits,
must all bee cast away :
The night is past,
and you must take the day.

2

Speake not of sinne,
it beareth no part heere :
But write of grace
and whence hir glory grue :
Think of the loue,
that to the life is deere,

E.ijj.

And

And, of the life,
to whome all loue is due.
And then sit downe
in glory all to sing,
Ail to the glory
of our glorious King.

∴ 3 ∴

First, make your grounds
of faithfull holinesse:
Then, your deuotions
of deuine desires:
Let all your rests
bee hopes of happinesse,
Which mercies Musicke
in the soule requires:
Let all your sharps
bee feares of faithfull harts,
And all your flats
the death of your desarts.

∴ 4 ∴

Yet rise and fall,

as

as hope and feare directts,
The nature of each note,
in space or line :
And let your voices
carry such effects,
As may approue
your passions are deuine.
Then let your conso ts
all in one agree,
To God alone,
all onely glory bee.

Then let the dittie
bee the deereſt thought,
That may reuiue
the dying hart of loue,
That onely mercy
in the ſoule hath wrought,
The happie comfort
of the heauens to proue.
Then let your ſounds

E. iiii.

vnto

vnto the heauens ascend,
And all your clothes,
all in glory end.

Glory to him,
that sitteth on the throne,
With all the hoast
of all the heauens attended:
Who all things made,
and gouernes all alone,
Vanquish't his foes,
and all his flock defended,
And by his power
his chosen soules preserueth:
So, sing his praise
that to all praise deserueth.

And whilst all soules
are to their glory singing,
Let mee poore wretch
not wholly hold my peace:

But

The passions of the spirit.

69

But, let my teares,
from mercie glory springing,
Keep time to that sweet song
may neuer cease.
That while my soule
doth thus my God adore:
I may yet sing AMEN,
although no more.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Amen.

E.v.

A

A Praier.

70

O Heauenly God, ô father deere
cast downe thy tender eie:
Vpon a wretch that prostrate heere
before thy throne doth lye.
O poure thy precious oile of grace
into my wounded heart,
O let the drops of mercy swage,
the rigor of my smart.

My fainted soule oppressed sore,
with carefull clogge of sinne:
In humble sute submits it selfe,
thy mercie Lord to winne.
Grant mercy then O sauiour sweet
to mee most wofull thrall:
whose morneful cry to thee ô Lord
doth still for mercy call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised,
vpon a stubborne minde:

And

A Praier.

And to the sway of worldly things
my selfe I haue enclinde.
forgetting heauē & heuēly powers
where God & saints doth dwell:
My life hadlike to tread the path,
that leads the way to hell,

But now my god & loadstar bright
I will no more doe so:
To think vpon my former life,
my heart doth bleed for woe.
Alack I sigh, alack I sob,
alack I doe repent:
That euer my licencious will,
so wickedly was bent.

Sith now therfore with mournfull
that I thy mercie craue: (plaints
O Lord for thy great mercies sake,
let mee thy mercy haue.

Restore

32
A Praier.

Restore to life my wicked soule,
which else is like to die:
So shall my voice vnto thy name,
sing praise eternally.

Now blessed bee the Father first,
then blessed bee the Sonne:
And blessed bee the holy Ghost,
by whom all things are done.
Blesse mee O blessed Trinitie,
with thy eternall grace:
That after death, my soule may
in heauen a dwelling place. (haue

Amen.
FINIS.

A Praier.

72

With heauie hart I call to thee,
O Lord giue care vnto my
In my distresse consider me, (plaint
& mark how y my soul doth faint
Forlorne with care because that I,
so oft offend thy maiestie.

My due desert doth breed despaire
& hell I shall haue for my hier,
Vnles thou wilt thy wrath forbere:
to punish mee in thy iust yre.
But sith thy mercy passeth all,
For mercy Lord I cry and call.

And sith thou paidst y blodie prise,
the fathers wrath to pacifie:
In thy great power & strength arise
forgiue my sinnes O Lord I cry,
lest y my soul be brought to naught
which once y hast so dereli bought
Forgiue

A Prayer.

74

Forgiue thy people all their crime,
whose aid on thee doth still depēd
And with thy hand in this our time
Our noble Queene O lord defend:
And that shee may hir foes deface,
powre vpon hir thy heauēly grace.

Amen.

FINIS.



MIEUX VAYLT. MOVRIR. EN VERT V.
QUE VIVRE. EN HONTE.

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